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HENRY REED CONANT



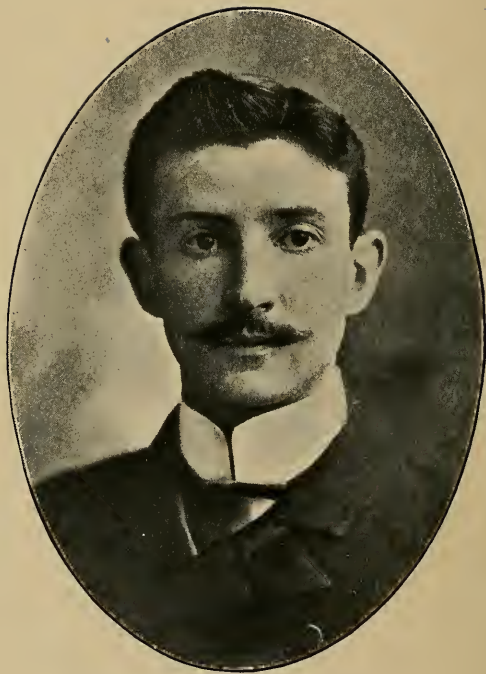
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Henry Reed Conant

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1871

HENRY REED CONANT



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HENRY REED CONANT

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*“O Liberty! foul Slavery’s ban!
Destroy thee tyrants never can;
For when the flight of time began,
God made all free:
He breathed into the soul of man
Pure love for thee.”*

PREFACE.

THE following verses, written at different times during my life, were not intended for publication, as I must confess I wrote them for my own pleasure and profit. Some of them, however, through the kindness of the Editors, have appeared in THE INDEPENDENT and NEW YORK OBSERVER. For permission to include these in the present volume, I wish to extend my sincere thanks.

It has always been my delight to read the works, and meditate on

the lives, of the great Masters of English Verse. Whether I have caught some faint gleam of their light and scintillation of their spirit, I leave to the judgment of my benevolent readers; thereby permitting them to determine if I have been too hasty in placing myself on record as a follower of Delius.

THE AUTHOR.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 1902.

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"I love vast libraries; yet there is a doubt
If one be better with them or without,—
Unless he use them wisely, and, indeed,
Knows the high art of what and how to read;
At Learning's fountain it is sweet to drink,
But 'tis a nobler privilege to think;
And oft, from books apart, the thirsting mind
May make the nectar which it cannot find.
'Tis well to borrow from the good and great;
'Tis wise to learn; 'tis godlike to create!"

Spray from Helicon

Enlightenment.

Hail to the Bard whose theme is Liberty !
Whose verses glow with Love and Life and Light !
Who feels and knows the blessing 'tis to be
In this soul-stirring epoch !—when the bright
Rekindled torch of Science, from her height,
The broadening field of progress doth reveal :
Ah, what a privilege 'twill be to cite
In after years, all we now see and feel,
And bless the age that woke to world's true com-
monweal !

It matters little whether prose or song
Attire the thoughts your soul have stirred and
heated ;
It matters little whether right or wrong
Your subject is, so long's 'tis rightly treated :
It matters little how the ranks retreated,
Advanced and fell, in Liberty's fierce fray,
If, in the end, the stubborn foe, defeated,
Lay down their shatter'd arms, and freedom's ray
Break through the battle smoke, and honor wins
the day.

There's victory for every man who breathes,
On earth, as well's in heaven—that's my creed :
And he, who, like a glittering sword, unsheathes,
With motive true, some noble thought or deed
Whereby new strength is given to the reed
On which the lowliest lean, and minds with views
To things ignoble—discontent and greed—
Are heighten'd, earns a crown whose various hues
Shall shine till earth is lost, and heaven their
sheen renews.

Few men attain to greatness : unconcern'd,
They, here and there, at Folly's bidding, shift ;
Each field left unexplored, each stone unturn'd,
The elements of life they never sift :
To meet the hour's demands, the arm they lift
In labor—ceasing with their want's supply :
Contented with the general tide to drift,
All hopes within their blissful boundary lie ;
And, in their little round of life, they live and
die.

Not so the Quaker lad, who grasp'd the lyre,
And though his early instrument was rude,
Time's stirring questions set his soul on fire,
And love and fame the theme well understood :

Not so the patriot-spirit, unsubdued
 By scorn, that govern'd Franklin's iron pen :
 Not so the hero from Kentucky's wood ;
 Nor Garrison ; nor Greeley ; who, like Penn,
 God's ancient law blazed forth—the Equal Rights
 of Men !

How Patrick Henry's words, how Webster's
 speech,
 In burning eloquence resounded forth !
 When tyranny our rights strove to impeach,
 And old oppressions threaten'd Freedom's birth :
 O heavenly Liberty ! O inborn Worth !
 Ye were the themes that, thundering from their
 throat,
 Aroused the sleeping multitudes of earth ;
 That fired with zeal each patriot's breast, who
 smote
 Oppression's chains, and Love's undying annals
 wrote !

Historians may travel for our good,
 'Mid ancient ruins in far lands unknown :—
 I'd rather have men know that I had stood
 Beside the tomb of Hamilton alone,
 Than traced the records writ on crumbling stone,

Of all the tyrant Kings that ever reigned ;
Or view'd the wrecks of temples overthrown,
Whose altars pure by Christian blood were
 stained ;
Or massive prisons old, where martyrs once were
 chained.

Who would to-day their brutal modes adopt,
Who in the ignorant dark ages dwelt ?
When Freedom's heavenly pinions first were
 cropt,
And man to man in dread submission knelt,
And all the pangs of savage torture felt ;
To those who claimed the privilege of thought,
Blows, till the sense departed, being dealt ;
And faithful couriers, when fierce wars were
 fought,
Were all beheaded who the King ill-tidings brought.

All hail, Religion and Morality !
Twin-sisters smiling Love's dominion o'er !
Whose lights reach out o'er Life's tempestuous
 sea,
Where wild storms often rage and billows roar,
To point the rocky reefs that lie before,
And guide the mariner across the gloom,

Into Elysium's port : That that blest shore
 Thou e'er shalt gain, O man, cease to presume,
 While other lights than these thy earthly path
 illumine !

O Thou the patriot's Friend ! Thou unto Whom
 The Father of his Country * turned his eyes,
 Ofttimes, for help and strength, 'mid battle's
 gloom,
 O teach Columbia's children to be wise !
 Teach them their glorious birthright how to prize,
 And ever loyal to that birthright prove ;
 Teach them earth's vain ambitions to despise,
 Till strife and war their discord far remove,
 And peace triumphant reigns, 'neath the broad
 wings of Love !

*It certainly was not one of the least striking pictures presented in this wild campaign—the youthful commander, presiding over a motley assemblage of half-equipped soldiery, leathern-clad hunters and woodsmen, and painted savages with their wives and children, and uniting them all in a solemn devotion by his own example and demeanor. —IRVING'S *Life of Washington*.

Rose-like the Morn Opes.

Rose-like the morn opes,
And the day-star is kissing earth's beauties ;
While men,
Inspired with new hopes,
Fare forth to take hold of life's duties
Again.

The bluebells and daisies,
That render the hillsides and meadows
So bright,
Uplift their glad faces,
And wave a farewell to the shadows
Of night.

Birds, butterflies, bees,
Now, hither and thither, are winging
Their way
Amid flowers and trees ;
And fluttering, buzzing and singing
Are they.

O man ! how canst thou,
In a world of such rapture and glory,
Complain?

Unwrinkle thy brow ;
Nor look on the wonders before thee,
In vain.

Yon white cloud that clings
To the firmament high, and each flower
Of the sod,
And each warbler that sings,
Proclaims the deep love and the power
Of God.

Olden Times.

Hail, olden times, and golden times,
When Nymphs were all Dianas !
When all, who sought the house of God,
Were admonished by, and feared, the rod,
And breathed sincere hosannas ;
When sham and farce and guile were scarce,
And, with their hearts attune,
Valor and Worth strode fearless forth,
In the broad light of noon.

O days of old, and ways of old,
We love your homely train !
Your harmless wiles, and hearts of pith,
And all the sweets they've linked ye with,
In cot and raiment plain :
When the plowboy's whistle, the milkmaid's song,
And the grandame at the loom,
With a ready tale for the barefoot throng,
Made the fields of Existence bloom.

The Pilgrim's Lesson.

Why mournest thou? the traveler began,
Cease, and the glory of the morn behold;
Yon landscape mark! Is that the work of man?
Let every burden from thy heart be roll'd:
See all the beauty nature doth unfold;
List the glad songs that usher in the day!
He, who yon summit bathes in waves of gold,
And cheers the lonely dale with brightest ray,
Can heal each grief-wrung heart and drive its cares
away.

Great is this world and wonderful; and while
The hill is long and steep that thou must climb,
Beyond its summit fertile valleys smile,
And after labor comes the happy time
Of rest—now toil, then victory sublime.
Thy shining record thou must make alone:
Great is man's mission in this world of crime,
Woe and distress; and heaven will them disown,
Who leave life's battlefield without some victory
won.

The sluggard's brow, Fame's laurels never grace ;
But he who, still with heart and soul aflame
For the wellbeing of the human race,
Directs his efforts to one noble aim,
Shall be rewarded ; and the trump of fame
Shall sound his praise thro' earth and paradise.
But history will never write his name,
Who's still deferring on the day he dies,
Till Fate more favor shows, or Wisdom makes him
wise.

I wander on, and live as best I may,
Rejecting joys that please the general throng ;
Contented to pursue my solemn way,
With what few blessings I may find among
The lone surroundings of my journey long :
And oft, to soothe me when my spirits fail,
Remote from men who their Creator wrong,
Rude melodies I scatter to the gale,
Unheeding children wise, who scorn the Pilgrim's
Tale :

Full wretched is the life I lead !
What days I've vainly sighed for bread,
With nought whereon to lay my head
When night should come !
Oh, weary are the hearts indeed
That restless roam !

I left the home of my delight ;
I left the fireside glowing bright ;
I left the couch, so soft and white,
 Where, from the cold,
I safely wrapped me every night,
 Within its fold.

I left—but how can I explain ?
'Twere better could my lips refrain—
One that I'll ne'er behold again
 While earth I tread ;
For long years since, from care and pain,
 Her spirit fled.

'Twas she, who taught me in my youth,
To follow in the paths of truth ;
'Twas she, whose gentle hand did smooth
 My pain away ;
Whose loving kiss my heart would soothe
 At close of day.

I left her and those pleasures dear,
To roam through deserts wild and drear ;
And many a lone and weary year
 I've passed since then.
Ah, the world's lessons are severe
 To wandering men !

But well my various wanderings far—
Where bolts of penury embar,
Or wealth impels its golden car—
 Have taught me this :
That mortals make their greater share
 Of woe and bliss.

Then, stranger, wheresoe'er thou art,
In rural vale, or city mart,
Or in some region far apart,
 'Mid scenes unknown—
Know, all true joy rests in thy heart,
 And there alone.

*To the Rev. John Bancroft
Devins, D. D.**



Among old books and papers pent,
I scann'd the message which you sent,
Wherein you kindly compliment
 My numbers rude ;
And prompt my heart thro' song to vent
 Its gratitude.

But poor at present my essays,
For, in these hot, depressing days,
My muse her part more awkward plays,
 Alas ! than ever ;
Tho' I might add that real lays
 Have graced her never.

But my poetic thirst to slake,
The pen in hand, at times, I take,
When worldly scenes and actions wake
 The proper mood ;
And for their sins and follies rake
 Down mortals good.

* Managing Editor of the *New York Observer*.

I never boast nor make pretense
To fluency or eloquence:
If but with truth and common sense,
My song is drest,
To me of trifling consequence
Is all the rest.

Nor deem I write to make a name;
But yet, this know—if honest fame
Should at my door an entrance claim,
With right good cheer
I'd swing it wide, and say, "Sweet dame,
Thou'rt welcome here!"

But Fame's a lass that otherwhere,
'Mid better folks must ever fare;
Whose smiles I ne'er could hope to share
For my endeavors:
Poor, worthless worms in my low sphere,
She little favors.

We can't all Grays and Miltons be,
To make the famous Elegy,
Or sing how man Eternity
Hath lost and won,
While here we hail, across death's sea,
Those spirits gone.

We can't all Goulds and Astors be,—
Tho', faith, I think you'll say with me,
They're oft as miserable as we,
 When illness takes
Hold on them, and death's rolling sea
 Reflection wakes.

We can't all Grants and Deweys be—
War heroes of the land and sea,
Waving our palms of victory
 O'er battle's din:
Yet, there are fields where haply *we*
 May fight and win.

But better lose ten wars pursuing
The path of right, our duty doing,
To sink at last beneath the ruin
 Of fields laid bare,
Than win one fight, tho' fame accruing,
 On grounds unfair.

'Tis pleasant history's page to read,—
On great events the mind to feed;
To take a book with careful heed,
 And dwell upon
The battles that in thought and deed,
 Great men have won.

But if we've not a heart and mind,
To improve the knowledge that we find,
Not all the books and histories lined
 On all our shelves,
Can make us useful to our kind,
 Or to ourselves.

No noble deed will e'er be done
By simply meditating on
The manner in which Washington
 Made hosts retreat ;
Or, when his adversaries won,
 Endured defeat.

In vain we sadly try to shift
Above the throngs that idly drift,
On others' worth:—that which can lift
 Mankind above
Life's common level, is the gift
 Of human love.

Let us no venal trophies crave,
Nor use the powers that heaven gave,
A place among the true and brave
 Alone to cherish ;
But on Time's walls deeds to engrave
 That will not perish.

To Hugh J. Hughes, Poet,

LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY, WIS.



Hail, honest-hearted, heaven-born Hughes !
On whom aye smiles as sweet a muse,
As e'er set forth a poet's views,
 In tuneful strain :
In print thy equal to peruse
 I seek in vain.

How tame, contrasted with thy lay—
So realistic, simple, gay—
Most of the writings of to-day,
 By worldlings vain ;
Whose lines no natural grace display,
 But selfish gain.

No jarring words, as wrought by toil,
Thy happy rhyme and metre spoil ;
No affectation in the style,
 Nor alien feature ;
But reading thee one seems the while
 Alone with Nature.

We hear the sound of rippling brooks,
The redbreast's song, the call of rooks ;
See daisies nod in shady nooks,
 Thro' whose green roof,
On lovers sweet, Sol smiling looks,
 Tho' gossip-proof.

While countless school-taught bards shall fail
To win thro' logic, dry and stale,
On myriad hearts shall he prevail,
 Who knows the theme,
And breathes Love's sweet, pathetic tale,
 True to life's dream.

Few are the singers of to-day,
Who bring the genial, flowing lay,
With rhythm smooth and accents gay,
 Pure from the heart ;
And in a simple, pleasing way,
 The truth impart.

Song is a natural artless art,
Planted by heaven in the heart,
Courage and comfort to impart ;
 Whose various strain,
Can rest the weary, soothe the smart
 Of grief and pain.

Unnumbered would-be critics jeered
 At Burns, when first his light appeared ;
 But soon his glory was declared
 From east to west ;
 And now his writings are endeared
 To every breast.

O Burns ! man's idol ! simple, rude,
 Deep was thy soul with love imbued !
 Loving mankind, and every good
 That dwelt in man !
 Sweet universal brotherhood,
 Was thy great plan !

When unexpected pleasures sprung,
 Or grief or care thy bosom wrung,
 How the true current of thy song
 Did sweetly flow !
 What cheering accents left thy tongue
 For all below !

How well thou paintedst earth and skies
 'Mid wintry blasts, or vernal dyes !
 Tho' first unknown, thou wert a prize
 To mankind given,
 Whose gems shall hold all nations' eyes
 Like beams of heaven !

The heartless crew who made their care,
To check the heaven-inspired career
Of him, whose heart to love was dear,
 Themselves deceived,—
So many a heart, too great for fear,
 Has good achieved.

And now, my friend, while Freedom's foes
Lament their self-inflicted woes,
While foul Vainglory overthrows
 What pride creates ;
And Grief, at life's untimely close,
 Her tale relates,—

While Honor triumphs, Valor dares,
While Love forgives, and Patience bears,
While Gratitude to Worth uprears
 A tablet rude,—
My kindest thoughts and warmest prayers
 Yourself include.

When Daylight Has Vanished.

When daylight has vanished,
And stars without number are beaming
Above,
My cares are all banished,—
And only of thee am I dreaming,
My love!

When soft winds are sighing,
How pleasant it is in the gloaming
To rove :
The daylight is dying ;
Come hither, and let us be roaming,
My love !

In Pawn.

When Love was pawning hearts,
One fair midwinter's dawn,
A gem from his store, he left at my door,
Which I am holding in pawn.

A jewel, I ween, as bright
As mortal ever saw ;
Inlaid in gold of the fairest mold,
Without a blemish or flaw.

And if I am any judge
Of the wares in Cupid's line,
The gold, I am sure, is solid and pure,
And many carats fine.

Unless he calls for the same,
Ere a day that will soon draw nigh,
This property my own will be,
And a happy pawnbroker I.

The Armenian's Farewell.

Ye singing birds and smiling flowers
That glad my native shore,
Ye brooks that laugh thro' shady bowers
I ne'er may see you more!
From every cherished blessing here
The fates my feet expel:
Farewell ye joys and friendships dear—
Armenia, Farewell!

Above the billows and the rocks,
The angry tempests rave;
And the beating in my bosom mocks
The breaking of the wave:
In unknown lands I soon shall roam
Beyond the surges' swell.
Farewell my friends, my native home—
Armenia, Farewell!

Bright hopes ! that once my bosom fired,
And o'er my spirit shone ;
Sweet visions ! that my youth inspired,
O, whither have ye flown?
Return those hours when mirth ran high,
Ere woe my lot befell,
And ruthless tyrants bade me sigh,
"Armenia, Farewell ! "

Armenia ! dark is this day
And sorrowful to me ;
Yet I shall bear, when far away,
A deeper love for thee !
And sacred thoughts, where'er I roam,
Shall in my bosom dwell,
Of kindred, friends and native home—
Armenia, Farewell !

On the Death of Eugene Field.

Adieu, sweet minstrel, laureate of youth ;
Whose childhood lays and lullabies extend
As far as happy firesides glow ; and blend,
With sweet accord, simplicity and truth :
Thy songs and poems, with their numbers smooth,
Such true enchantment to the young did lend,
That each fond parent soon became thy friend,
Whose little ones thyself alone could soothe.
With heartfelt grief Columbia mourns her son,
Whose life reflected what he gained at last ;—
So may I live ; and when my days are done,
May mortals say : He, too, with joy hath pass'd
Within that gate, near which the angels kneeled,
With smiles and songs, to welcome Eugene Field.

To a Friend.

Have I, you ask, kept out of Cupid's way,
Since you and I some months ago did part?
O friend, how can you task him thus, whose heart,
Though often wounded, bids him answer nay?
Yet who, in life's great drama, can gainsay—
Though still his throbbing bosom feels the smart,
Inflicted by the culprit's cruel dart—
That Love is the best actor in the play?
Since on life's stage he first became renown'd,
Increasing glory to this day he's won ;
So will he flourish while the world goes round :
The scene will change ; but ever and anon,
Love's sweet old story, beautiful, sublime,
Will be repeated by the lips of Time.

To William Watson.



While England goes to war, or twines
 A wreath, to deck her heroes' shrines,
 The New World's rustic Muse inclines
 Across the wave,
 To him, who wrote th' immortal lines
 On *Wordsworth's Grave*.

Hail, gifted poet ! born and wrought
 With traits and hopes, whereby we're brought
 Together—one in deed and thought,
 Linked by the Muse :
 Between us rolls the sea ;—but naught
 Divides our views.

From bleak obscurity, thy name,
 A universal theme became :
 Extending other poets' fame,
 Begot thine own ;
 Tho' haply thro' *The Year of Shame*,
 Thou'rt no less known.

Shelley and Byron, to our sight
Thou bring'st, refreshed, with all their bright
Meanderings thro' fancy's flight ;

And thought returns,
Thro' thee, with unrestrained delight,
To Keats and Burns.

Thy views unbiased, motives grand,
Have gone abroad thro' all the land :
While others feared to take a stand
For truth and right,
'Twas thine, in language bold, to brand
The imps of night.

Alone thou didst to battle go ;
And where man found a treach'rous foe,
Thou dealt'st his enemy a blow,
While nations, drunk,
And deaf to bitter cries of woe,
From duty shrunk.

The truth, undaunted still, befriend ;
All that is good and pure defend ;
Thro' Error's ranks thy missiles send,
And fight and quell
And vanquish, to the bitter end,
The tribes of hell.

Song.



O thou art lovely, maid !
 And faith and friendship true,
 And love, that cannot fade,
 Beam in those eyes of blue—
 Bright as the morning dew
 That sparkles on the green,
 Or fair stars that o'erstrew
 The canopy, at e'en.

Couldst thou, sweet maid, for me
 One smile of thine accord,
 Whate'er my lot should be,
 Till death's dark stream I ford,
 No miser's glittering hoard
 My wealth of soul could buy ;
 Nor all the vintage pour'd
 For heroes, make me sigh !

The Golden Rule.



If everyone below the sun
Would keep the Golden Rule,
We'd soon create, on ruined hate,
A heaven of God's foot-stool.

We're frail, dependent creatures all ;
And he, with scornful smile,
Who triumphs in another's fall,
Is vilest of the vile.

A man who's poor, may toils endure,
Contend with failings, too ;
Yet whate'er be his destiny,
His heart may still be true.

Then let us twine the wreaths of love,
While life and light be given ;
And trust in Him who rules above,
For wreaths to twine in Heaven.

To J. Crawford Adams.

While fragrant blossoms round me blow,
In a sweet clime, unknown to snow,
And skies look down with ardent glow,
 On Mississippi,
I take my pen to let you know
 I'm hale and happy.

'Mid moss-clad oaks, and princely pines
Artistic wreathed with rustic vines,
And where each honest peasant dines
 On hoe-cake good,
Your servant clinks his awkward lines
 In careless mood.

You see it's now some little time,
Since from Wisconsin, white with rime,
And honest friends, and scenes sublime,
 There in the North,
For this far sunny southern clime,
 I ventured forth.

I'm stopping in a country cot,
The home of one good Dr. Scott ;
And surely, north or south, there's not
 A finer scene,
Than in this sweet, secluded spot,
 For musing men.

Hard by, a crystal streamlet flows
Beneath the bright green holly boughs ;
While from the simple low-roofed house,
 O'erhung with vines,
A walk leads out between two rows
 Of stately pines.

I tell you if you want to shine
With gallant lads and maids divine,
Just cross the Mason-Dixon line !
 And, furthermore,
Their boards are graced with dinners fine,
 And mirth galore.

E'er since the holidays begun,
They've had such festivals of fun—
Such plays and frolics going on,
 With jolly craze,
They've fairly kept me on the run
 From place to place.

Where'er you go, they seem to be
Aye blithe and chipper, light and free,
With hearts and tongues for social glee :

Where'er you tarry,
You're welcomed to their company
With accents cheery.

Now, that the harvest time is o'er,
I'll tell you all,—and maybe more,—
How cotton's raised and put in store ;
And of the uses
The seed and waste are valued for,
That it produces.

Cotton, like corn, they plant in rows,
From three to six feet high it grows ;
Like other plants, it buds and blows,
Then goes to seed ;
The bolls the lint and seed inclose,
Just like milkweed.

Its flowers at morn are white as foam ;
At noontide crimson shades assume,
Which still more red and red become,
Till, at sundown,
They're a most lovely bright red bloom—
Next day they're gone.

Then from the bud, or boll, or bur,
Where late the transient blossoms were,
This mighty stuff 'gins to appear,
 In snowy down,
Which wraps two-thirds the mortals here,
 In bush and town.

Then longer grows each tiny thread,
And whiter grows each hoary head,
As if old winter's sky had spread
 The ample plain ;
Until 'tis picked at last, and drayed
 Off to the gin.

There's one thing which seems strange indeed,
That is, they save the cotton seed,
And prize it high for cattle feed ;
 And, strange to tell,
The cattle eat the stalk when dead,
 And thrive on 't well.

While out one morning for a ride,
With a boon fellow for my guide,
He asked me if I'd been inside
 The cotton gin ;
I answered "no,"—then he replied :
 " Well, let's go in ? "

“All right,” said I ; so we went in,
And saw the colored fellows gin :
Right sharp I viewed the big machine,
 With steady speed,
Turn out the cotton, white and clean,
 From mote and seed.

It's hard to show you with a pen,
Just how this fluffy stuff they gin :
The staple rough, at first goes in,
 In one mixed mass ;
The seed and lint are turned out then,
 Each in their place.

I heard the engine puff and blow,
As round the busy wheels did go ;
While darkies hurried to and fro,
 With baskets full
Of what a stranger scarce would know
 From Northern wool.

In presses next, of massive might,
In bails they packed it, square and tight ;
The cotton now for market right,
 Away 'twas sent,
As off, on loads of snowy white,
 The darkies went.

I've now described as well's I could,
In my poor language, rough and rude,
This plant that clothes the multitude ;

And how the seed
Is here the chief of cattle food,
Devoured with greed.

And how I like the southern scene,
Where just a twelvemonth I have been ;
Where all the year the grass is green,
And birds are singing,
And lovely flowers are ever seen
Promiscuous springing.

And now, in closing, let me say,
No sweeter hour in all life's day,
With me has ever slipped away,
Than that which clings
To the true lads and lassies gay,
Of Crystal Springs.

Crystal Springs, Miss.

To Rev. Henry M. Tyndall, D. D.

God speed thee on thy way ! pursuing
The very work that Christ was doing !
Life's darkest paths with flowers bestrewing,
 To make them smile ;
And thou a richer boon accruing
 Thyself the while.

For man to man assistance lending—
Feeding the poor, the weak defending,
New gifts of joy shall see descending
 Bright from the skies ;
And friendship's circle here extending,
 With stronger ties.

And so, God speed thee on thy way !
And give thee hope and strength each day ;
And then shall mortals truly say,
 Thy labor done :
"As warm a heart's love e'er did sway,
 From us hath gone."

The Jay and the Thrush.

One summer day, a little thrush
Sat singing on a hazel bush

 In accents loud and clear ;
But presently it ceased its lay,
And thuswise spake unto a jay,
 Who sat and listened near :

“How lovely, friend, the dress you wear ;
When perched on bough, or in the air,
 How gay your coat of blue !
While I am clad in plainest brown—
I’d give the world, were it my own,
 To be arrayed like you.”

“And gladly would I change my dress,”
Replied the jay, “could I possess
 The gift you have for singing ;

I'd sing above the cotter's shed,
Above the brook and grassy mead
And keep the woodland ringing."

Ere long, beside a blind man's door,
The thrush sweet music did outpour—
"Such strains I never heard,"
The blind man said. Meanwhile the jay
Met a deaf pilgrim on his way,
Who cried: "Delightful bird!"

Elegy on a Poet.

He, who found wealth in sun and air,
And sought the fields and woodlands fair,
Ofttimes when pressed with grief and care,
 Here silent sleeps ;
Gone from life's weary wanderings where
 No mortal weeps.

Oft, in the smiling summer's day,
From city concourse would he stray
To some sequestered haunt away,
 Beside the wood ;
To read some tale, or sing his lay
 In humble mood.

Some spot where Nature sweet would smile,
Clothed in her richest native style,
And all his adverse thoughts beguile ;
 Until the scene
To him would seem like some vast isle,
 Fair and serene.

Where little birds would gaily sing,
 And flit about on airy wing,
 With myriad insects murmuring
 Below, above ;
 And where each zephyr seemed to bring
 A tale of love.

And here in fancy would he roam
 Back to his happy boyhood home,
 With parents fond, the sacred Tome,
 And prayer and song ;
 When, on youth's wave, as light as foam,
 He sailed along.

So much he sought the field and glen,
 He seemed almost a stranger when
 He moved amid the haunts of men ;
 And yet their ways
 He pictured from his simple ken,
 In artless lays.

He hated all the base and vain,
 Nor thirst had he for pompous gain ;
 He loved the cottage, rude and plain,
 Nor asked for more
 Than freedom, life and nature's reign,
 To enjoy, adore.

“O God,” his simple prayer and plea,
“Make me sincere ; remove from me
All forms of unreality,
Pretense and sham ;
Nor let me seek to other be
Than what I am.

“Teach me, bound down by no false creeds,
To aid men in their aims, their needs,
Each day, with kindly words and deeds ;
And all along
Life’s chequered path, to sow love’s seeds,
And sing love’s song.

“So, uncomplaining let me bear
My cross, till Thou dost lead me where
Grief, disappointment, pain and care,
Are all unknown ;
With Thee, thro’ endless time to wear
The victor’s crown.”

To Ruel E. Dana, Esq.



Dear Friend : While War's appalling news
Falls on Columbia's ear, my Muse
Has ta'en a fit to air her views

On matters human ;
And sing the joys that Worth accrues,
On Terra's common.

Some bright scenes here, our eyes behold,
Some gloomy pictures, bleak and cold :
Sorrows and pleasures e'er unfold

With Memory's chain ;
For life is but a tale that's told,
Of joy and pain.

In every ray of sunshine lent,
In every raging tempest sent,
Imparted is a lesson, meant

For all—tho' we
May not, on fleeting pleasures bent,
Its meaning see.

L. of C.

What blessings to the wind are thrown !
What homes, where grief might be unknown,
Full many a tear, full many a groan,
 Their sad state prove,
Because they lack one thing alone—
 And that is love.

How oft the dearest, truest prize
That Heaven has placed before our eyes,
To make our lot a paradise,
 We scorn and slight,
For some imagined boon, that lies
 Beyond our sight.

A man may have, to rank and birth,
No claim, no pomp-abounded hearth ;
Yet richer be than lords of earth,
 With wealth and power,
Blest with a friend, who proves his worth
 Each day and hour.

It is not gold that gives us ease ;
'Tis not the palace brings us peace ;
Nor things corruptible like these,
 The fates employ,
To work our welfare, and increase
 Our sphere of joy.

I'm glad the powers of wrong are waning ;
That Truth her standard's still maintaining ;
That Freedom o'er our land is reigning,
 From shore to shore ;
That Vice each day less ground is gaining,
 And Virtue more.

I'm glad that kings are here unknown ;
That every man may have a throne
Erected by his own hearthstone,
 Tho' rude and plain ;
And boast a kingdom of his own,
 Where love may reign.

How vain is fickle Fortune's frown,
To him, whose labors Love shall crown !
Who, to his children, tho' renown
 And riches fly,
Shall hand a nobler heirloom down,
 Than worlds can buy !

Thou, my good friend, art such a sire,
And guide to all—Love's living fire !
Would that some one heart might aspire
 To follow me,
With such true zeal as *all* admire,
 And honor *thee* !

Going After Mayflowers.



Going after Mayflowers to the wildwood,
'Neath the fair spring sky ;
Wandering o'er the happy hills of childhood,
As in days gone by.

Memory thus recalls life's early morning,
When youth's hopes were bright ;
Fancy's sweetest flowers the hills adorning—
Transports of delight.

Youthful eyes about me then were glowing,
Eyes that spake no care ;
Pleasure's golden cup was overflowing,—
Youth, how bright, how fair !

O could I have been a child forever,
'Neath a mother's care !
O that cruel, changeful time had never
Touched that scene so fair !

Brightly were the sunbeams smiling o'er me,
 From yon sky so clear,
 Till, across the bounds of youth, time bore me
 Into years of care.

Yet, oft memory comes to soothe my sadness,
 And dispel my fears,
 Bringing back the scenes of joy and gladness
 Of my boyhood's years.

Gathering flowers and mosses in the wildwood,
 Gems of Nature's store ;
 Wandering o'er the happy hills of childhood,
 As in days of yore.

Mother.

This word's a poem in itself complete,
Well worthy of a master-hand in art ;
Whose numbers bid distrust and fear depart,
And thrill the soul with myriad fancies sweet :
At sound of which, as when, from childish feat,
Her evening song would soothe our restless heart,
Our bosoms lose the sense of sorrow's smart,
And with ecstatic joys and pleasures beat.
Mother—what language doth that word contain !
It breathes hope, faith and love, in one accord,
And brings to us a dear face, like none other,
Whose tenderness and beauty ne'er shall wane
As long as life shall last. The sweetest word
That ever parted human lips, is Mother.

The First Snow Storm.



Heigh-ho! The first snow storm! the night
Has transformed all the earth to white;
The pond is frozen clear and bright,

Joy breathes below:

This is the schoolboy's true delight—

Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho!

Heigh-ho! With pleasure-beaming eye,
Off to the hill the children hie,—
Then see the mounted heroes fly,

As down they go:

O, who would pass old Winter by?

Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho!

On the Death of a Noted M. D.

A famous quack upon his back,
Alas, did groaning lie ;
And bravely he, his malady,
To scare away did try.

But with all his skill, he grew more ill,
Earth's joyous scenes grew dim ;
And when bold Death called for his breath,
He spake these words to him :

“They bring no shame, no censure claim,
Whom hunger here hath brought ;
Nor those to death consigned beneath
The racking wheels of thought.

“But, sir, a score of years, and more,
Thou might'st have counted hence,
Hadst thou lain aside all else, and tried
The pills of common sense.”

Epitaphs.

ON A FAMOUS INFIDEL.

Here lies a wretch, who, duped by wrong,
Defended Death and Error long ;
With books and lectures, prose and song,
 He sought men's souls ;
But now, I fear his bark's among
 Rough rocks and shoals.

ON MAURICE HEATH.

When David said, "All men are liars !"
 The truth he may have told ;
And these same words, hurl'd at our sires,
 Good, even now, might hold.

But 'twould have been, had David e'en
 Employ'd this exclamation
Ere Maurice Heath shook hands with Death,
 A downright fabrication !

ON A POOR MAN.

Yon virtuous dead, to labor bred,
Did little bread receive ;
For men of bread, to virtue dead,
Little to Labor give.

ON VAINGLORY.

The heart here reposing will outwear these stones
That friends have erected, to honor his bones :
The finest of marble old Time will soon crumble,
But false pride eternity's self cannot humble.

OCT 31 1902

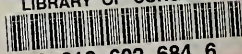
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